

Born April 27, 1822.



Died July 23, 1885.

## HE IS BURIED.

### THE OLD HERO IS LAID AWAY

To await the day of Resurrection Tombstone does Honor to his memory.

A procession three-quarters of a mile in length, Literary exercises Etc.

On Saturday morning as early as seven o'clock the numerous visitors to town and the citizens' committee together with our citizens were all preparing for the event of the day, and the streets presented an appearance such as they have not done before for the past three years—sidewalks crowded and pedestrians having to take the middle of the street in order to pass.

At 10 o'clock the town was alive with people who were to take part in the parade, and the handsome uniforms of the Uniform Rank Knights of the A. O. U. W. were shown up in beautiful contrast with the flaming red shirts of the engine company and the blue shirts and red trimmings of the Rescue Hose company.

At 1 o'clock sharp the procession moved in the following order:

Chief of Police Coyle, and six mounted policemen; Grand Marshal, A. L. Grow and Chief Aid, R. S. Hatch, followed by the Huachuca band, 21 pieces, and a drum-major. Then followed Burial Post No. 36, G. A. R., fifty, our strong, and the old-served veterans were observed and commented upon the throng of ladies and gentlemen who thronged the sidewalks along the line of march, owing to the fact that these same men who are now our neighbors and our friends, a few short years ago, faced the bullets and the cannon's mouth under the command of the inanimate piece of clay who was being borne to the tomb, and although 3,000 miles away, they were forming a part of the procession that stretched across this broad continent until it reached Tombstone, when our people fell in and the long column spread on until the waters of the Pacific at the Golden Gate ended the line.

Following the Grand Army came the executive committee, invited guests, Confederate soldiers, Veterans of the Mexican War and citizens in carriages, clergy, post orator and city and county officials, Knights of Pythias Lodge on foot and the Uniform Rank of the same order on horseback, the I. O. O. F. on foot, about 60 strong; then came the A. O. U. W. about 50 strong, followed by the Select Knights of the same order, in their handsome new uniforms, and they made a handsome appearance. This ended the first division.

Wallace Corbett, J. H. Campbell, J. P. Clum, H. C. Fraser, A. T. Jones, W. S. Ives were aids to the first division.

#### SECOND DIVISION:

Tombstone Cornet Band, 30 musicians; Tombstone Engine Company, 34 strong, with their hose carriages handsomely decked with flowers and in the center of the top of the reel, a handsome picture of Gen. Grant, framed in flowers and covered with tulle. Following the engine company came Rescue Hose company, 20 strong. They had their carriages handsomely decorated with flowers and covered with a large canopy heavily draped in mourning in which rode Miss Sophie Jones, and was a handsome feature. J. H. Kuhlman was the aid for this division.

#### THIRD DIVISION:

The children of the public school came next; the girls first, dressed in white with black sashes, followed by the boys with white shirts and black pants and crape upon their left arm. They were the feature of the procession and reflected great credit upon the Grand Marshal and their parents. Casper Taylor was the aid in charge of this division.

FOURTH DIVISION: Citizens on foot and in carriages comprising about 200 footmen and about 50 carriages.

The route of procession was up Fremont street to English, thence to Allen, down Allen to Second, thence to Tombstone, thence to the Court House where the procession was dismissed.

#### LITERARY EXERCISES.

Immediately after the procession the literary exercises were commenced and the following is the programme:

Introductory remarks by the President of the day, F. S. Earle, in which he revived Grant's history and that of the noble men who followed him, in a terse but brief speech. The Rev. J. H. Tuttle then offered up prayer, which was followed by a song from the Cornish Glee Club numbering some twenty voices.

This was followed by the funeral services of the Grand Army which was very impressive, and quite novel to many present who had never witnessed their services before.

These services were followed by music by the Huachuca band.

Following this was one of the finest orations it has been our pleasure to hear for many a day, by Judge William Herring, who is well known, is an excellent speaker, and whom we think made the glowing speech of his life, and we are only sorry that we are not able to publish it in full, but below we give a synopsis of it as we remember it:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FELLOW CITIZENS:—We have met here on this solemn occasion to talk of him whose death is being mourned at this moment by 52 millions of Americans, besides every foreign power on the globe.

General Grant was one of a class of 100 who entered West Point at the age of 17 years and graduated in 1843, standing 20 in his class, thirty-eight of whom included himself graduated, and soon afterwards entered the Mexican war; he was sent to the northwest and afterwards to Oregon. Soon after this he resigned and removed to Hardacre, Missouri, where he engaged in farming, and afterwards in the tanning business.

When the civil war broke out he volunteered his services to the Governor of Illinois, and raised a volunteer regiment of which he was made Colonel. It was then ascertained that there was no provision made for transportation to the seat of war, and Gen. Grant with that great will, marched his regiment to the front.

He won his first victory at Vicksburg, and his only set back at Pittsburg Landing. On the 2nd of March, 1864, Grant was called to Washington and was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the armies in the United States, and the high grade of Lieutenant-General was revived by Act of Congress and conferred upon him.

Judge Herring then went on in his happy manner and carried his audience over the events of the dead hero's life up to the time of his death.

The Cornish Glee Club followed Judge Herring with an appropriate song. This was followed by a poem written and delivered by Frank C. Prescott, the Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph company, and reflects great credit upon that gentleman, and as it is a gem we publish it below in full:

A mighty nation's bells are tolling, An army's muffled drums are rolling, Ten thousand eulogies are read— The grand old hero, Grant, is dead. A hero not in one swift hour,

His work performed in one great throng, But mightier as misfortunes lower, Yet stronger as the perils grow, From first to last the man was great, On battlefields, in halls of State,

He Mexico he took a knell With reason roar instead of bell; A fortress of a belfry makes, A stout resisting city takes,

His quick perception prompt to see Each novel means of victory, The stars and stripes at Sumpter fell— The ranks of the Grand Army tell

The most alert to Freedom's call,

And Grant one foremost 'mongst them all, Then came the dark uncertainty, The fiery South claimed victory, And Northern hearts with terror viewed Defeat, misfortune, oft renewed.

Then came the news from Donaldson, And Grant one victory had won, Then Shiloh's leaden hail poured forth— Falst cheers for Grant resounded North, Then Vicksburg's stubborn guns were still— Grant's praises all his north-home filled, Then Look-out mountain's thunders rolled And Grant was named the brave the bold, The Wilderness then wrote his name Bright lettered on the scroll of fame, And then at Appomattox he

Three million boundaged men made free, This man of war was President For eight long years and wisely lent His influence to aid his nation— Avoiding war through arbitration, Then in the close of his career— The hand of death was drawing near— His country saved—his loved ones now Furnowed with care his aged brow, With thrice his old-time courage then He bravely grasped his trembling pen And with new inspiration glided The shadow from his loved ones lifted, Courageous in life's every breath! Courageous in the hour of death!

O! soldier strong in time of war! O! Ruler wise in peaceful years!

Thy laurels won in battle are Now sparkling with thy nation's tears, The silent man whose words were deeds No eulogy of poet needs

For with his sabre point hath he Heroic measured history, The bloody creeds of Shiloh clear— The scenes of Appomattox wear A peaceful livery— and a light

The battle smoke from Look-out's height Is lifted, Peace enshrouding far The faded well earned in bloody war, And best of all his mighty parts His winning of the Southern hearts

And proud his death that on his bier Is Southern cross— is Northern star, Both emblems of a common war From courage and from gallant foe, A hero who with martyrs vie— A hero lives, a martyr dies!

And now Great Grant! Thy life works cease, Let thee and thine— "Let us have peace."

The following resolutions were read and adopted: Your committee upon whom was imposed the sad task of presenting a memorial to General U. S. Grant, most respectfully report:

That although the death of General Grant was long expected, the event is no less deplored, and we meet now to share with our mourning countrymen in the sense of loss of one whose career was so notable, so honorable to himself, and so useful to the American people.

He was among the greatest soldiers the world ever produced, and beyond all other he was best fitted to cope with the tremendous crisis which made him—and when the grave closes over all that is mortal of Ulysses S. Grant, it will be felt that he leaves behind him no man cast in a simpler, sincere, or more heroic mold.

By his labors and those of the brave men he led, the Union was restored; and six millions of free men celebrate the blessing of liberty secured for them and their posterity. Tenacious in conflict, he was magnanimous in victory and the beneficent results of his generous dealings with his vanquished foes, and their grateful appreciation, comforted him in the face of death. Therefore be it

Resolved: That we consider that America has lost her greatest hero—and humanity a true friend. Resolved: That we give to the bereaved family of General Grant our heart felt sympathy. B. L. Peel, Chairman.

C. E. Alvord, Wm. D. Monmonier, Frank C. Prescott, William Herring, Committee.

This was followed by music by the Tombstone Cornet Band, and then a benediction when the vast audience was dismissed.

In the evening both bands adjourned to the vacant lot near the Virginia mine, where the gunners were firing the salute, and between saluting played favorite airs, after which they adjourned to the veranda of the Occidental Hotel, and both bands charmed our citizens for several hours, and thus wound up the greatest event in the history of Tombstone.

#### Personals.

Judge Vandever of Huachuca was in his city on Saturday and departed yesterday for San Francisco.

Lieutenant Richards one of Tombstone's favorite military men, was in from Huachuca on Saturday and returned to the post yesterday.

Genial Captain Floyd of Huachuca was to be seen in this city memorial day. He returned home yesterday afternoon.

Major Korn drum-major of the 4th Cavalry band, added new friends to his already large list in this city, on Saturday.

Mr. M. Sommers has returned from Hudson Hot springs in New Mexico, and is much improved in health.

Among the prominent features of the parade on Saturday last was the silk stockings of J. P. C. and among things not prominent was the non-appearance of the pilgrim from Washington.

Theo F. White, W. Upwood, El Dorado ranch; F. W. Gury, Dubee; H. Givon, Charleston; H. Van Alstine, are registered at the Occidental hotel.

#### Noble Words.

The following is a full report of the speech delivered by Gen. Grant at Des Moines, Io., September 29, 1875, which called forth a great deal of comment.

"COMRADES: It always affords me much gratification to meet my old comrades in arms of ten and fourteen years ago, and to live over again in memory the trials and hardships imposed of those days—hardship imposed for the preservation and perpetuation of our institutions. We believed then, and we believe now, that we had a good government, worth fighting for, and, if need be, dying for. How many of our comrades of those days paid the latter price for our preserved union! Let their heroism and sacrifices be ever green in our memory. Let not the results of their sacrifices be destroyed. The union and the free institutions for which they fell should be held more dear for their sacrifices. We will not deny to any of those who fought against us any privileges under the government which we claim for ourselves; on the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places and to perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage; but we are not prepared to apologize for the part we took in the war. It is to be hoped that like trials will never again befall our country. In this sentiment no class of people can more heartily join than the soldier who submitted to the longer, trials and hardships of the camp and the battlefield. On which ever side they may have fought, no class of people are more interested in guarding against a recurrence of those days.

"Let us, then, begin by guarding against every enemy threatening the perpetuity of free republican institutions. I do not bring into this assemblage politics, certainly not partisan but it is a fair subject for soldiers in their deliberations to consider what may be necessary to secure the prize for which they battled in a republic like ours. Where the citizens is the sovereign and the officials the servant where no power is exercised except by the will of the people, it is important that the sovereign—the people—should possess intelligence.

"The free school is the promoter of that intelligence which is to preserve us as a free nation. If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon, but between patriotism and intelligence on the one side, and superstition, ambition and ignorance on the other. Now, in this centennial year of our national existence, I believe it a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundation of the house commenced by our patriotic forefathers, 100 years ago, at Concord and Lexington. Let us all labor to add all needful guarantees for the more perfect security of free speech and free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion. Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support, no matter how raised, shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that neither the State nor nation, nor both combined, shall support institution of learning other than those sufficient to afford every child, growing up in the land, the opportunity of a good common school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan or atheistical tenets. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the Church and the private contributions. Keep the Church and State forever separate. With these safeguards, I believe the battles which created the Army of the Tennessee will not have been fought in vain."

#### Romance of a Life.

Wordsworth used to say "the world is full of poetry, if men will but open their eyes and behold it," and the saying is as true of romance as of poetry. The world is full of it; it is in plain sight every day; we see it around us all the time, but such is the tendency to take an every-day view of what goes on before our eyes that we fail to recognize it as romance, but accept it as history. What we see daily does not strongly affect the imagination; it is too familiar; we locate the romantic in a distant age or in a far-away country, and read the Arabian Nights with a pleasure born of a half-belief in the wonderful stories, because the pictures are unlike anything we have ever seen, and the personages different from all we have ever known.

When the world has grown older, and time has mellowed the strong tints which we now behold on the character of such a man as General Grant, the romance of the life he led will be appreciated to an extent that is now deemed hardly possible. Let a novelist of today tell the story of Grant's life; of the unpromising career at West Point; the apparent lack of individuality in the army; the failure as a farmer; the lack of success as a business agent; the story of the days at the gunnery, when, half clerk, half porter, he seemed to have relinquished both past and future—let him tell the tale of the succeeding twenty-five years; how the hitherto luckless man rose step by step, with a rapidity almost incredible, to be General of the army, twice President, then for a year the honored guest and associate of the greatest monarchs of the earth; then let him reduce the hero to poverty; and at his death honor him with a national funeral, and the book would be laughed at as too wildly improbable to be worth consideration.

Yet this was the story of Grant, this the tale of the life that was lived in our midst. It is true and we accept it without question; the improbability is gone because we know the facts; the romance vanishes because many of us have known the man. We are too close to him to see his just proportions; as one may stand too close to a colossal statue to form a just appreciation of its size in the eyes of his contemporaries, Washington was not politically blameless; those who owned farms adjoining his, found him a close-fisted, disagreeable neighbor. Napoleon to those who lived in his time was either an angel of light or a demon from the pit; in the eyes of the chroniclers of his court, he was an intermeddling busy-body, indelicate alike of dignity and decency.

But time has placed both these men in their proper light before the world. The characters of great men are always overdrawn in one way or another; by their contemporaries, and the softening fingers of the years are needed to place both their characters and their portraits in condition for inspection. The world has definitely made up its mind as to Washington and Napoleon, and the romance of their careers is fully appreciated by the people of the present day. But another generation or two must pass away and "distance lend enchantment to the view" before the wonderful story of the "Dead Commander" will be seen in its proper light. We know he was great, but few can form any adequate idea how great. We know that the obstacles in his path merely served him as rounds in the ladder by which he climbed to success, but none can yet measure either the greatness of the obstacles nor the completeness of the success. "His life was stranger than other men's dreams," but its romance is yet to be told.

#### The Preserver of the Union.

Only two citizens of the United States have been first in war and first in peace. One rests at Mount Vernon. The other died yesterday at Mount McGregor. If we cannot add of Grant that he was first also in the hearts of his countrymen, yet we may say with truth that since Washington no citizen gave Lincoln cause nearer to filling that measure of praise.

There is no need to ask the world to forget that the civil career of General Grant fell short of perfection. As fifty might one ask forgetfulness that there are spots on the sun's orb. We may know there are, but who is conscious of them in full sunshine? In this moment, when the glories of General Grant's life are in every man's memory, who dares say that its defects impair the brilliancy to the vision?

Sincere patriot, brave soldier, pure-mannered and pure-minded citizen—these are General Grant's titles to the respect and love of his countrymen now and forever. As Franklin conceived the Union and Washington created it, so Grant preserved it. What nobler service has any hero of our century rendered to mankind?

Nor was General Grant the preserver of the Union by the sword alone. Since the sword was sheathed no one has done more to revive fraternity among all the people of the United States. History will record and the world will long remember these words, among the last traced by him with pencil after speech had failed:—

"I have witnessed since my sickness just what I have wished to see ever since the war—harmony and good feeling between the sections."—N. Y. Herald.

#### County Records.

The following instruments have been filed in the office of the County Recorder:

#### DEEDS—REAL ESTATE

Crane Bros to Robert Crouch,  $\frac{1}{2}$  interest in lots 14, 16, 18, in block 5, Fairbank; \$300.

A. Tribolet to Duncan McGillis,  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a certain town lot in the town of Bisbee; \$150.

In the case of the territory vs. Andy Mehan, the examination was postponed until 2 p. m. Wednesday.